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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

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## JULLIEN'S CONCERTS. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Vocalist—Mdlle. VOLTINI.

Violinist—Signor SIVORI, his First Appearance in London these five years.

PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY, Nov. 16.

### PART I.

Overture, "Egmont" . . . . .	Beethoven.
Quadrille, "Masaniello" . . . . .	Jullien.
Symphony, "The Jupiter" (the entire work) . . . . .	Mozart.
Aria, "Batti, batti" ( <i>Don Giovanni</i> ) . . . . .	Mozart.
Mdlle. VOLTINI (Violoncello Obligato, Signor PEZZI).	
Valse, "La forza del destino" (arranged from Verdi's Opera) . . . . .	Jullien.
Solo Violin, "La clochette"—Signor SIVORI . . . . .	Paganini.
Quadrille, "The British Army" . . . . .	Jullien.

Performed by the Grand Orchestra and Three Military Bands.

### PART II.

Selection from Gounod's Grand Opera, <i>Faust</i> —Full Band, Three Military Bands and Full Chorus.	
Bolero, "Leggero invisibile"—Mdlle. VOLTINI . . . . .	Arditi.
Polka, "Zerlina" . . . . .	Jullien.
Solo Violin—Signor SIVORI . . . . .	Gungl.
Valse, "Amorette-tante" . . . . .	Gungl.
Solo Cornet à Pistons—M. LEGENDRE . . . . .	Jullien.
Galop, "La forza del destino" . . . . .	Jullien.

Conductor.....M. JULLIEN.

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MISS HELEN HOGARTH, Teacher of Singing, begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town. 69 Great Russell Street, Russell Square.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to inform her Pupils that she has returned to Town for the Season. All communications respecting engagements, &c., &c., to be addressed to her residence, 19, Newman Street, W.

## RANDEGGER'S TRIO, "I NAVIGANTI."

MISS HUDDART, HERR REICHARDT and SIGNOR FERANTI will sing RANDEGGER's popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS"), on Monday, November 16th, Leeds; 18th, Newcastle; 19th, Edinburgh; 20th, Glasgow; 21st, Edinburgh.

MISS EMMA HEYWOOD will sing THIS EVENING, and every evening next week, "THE SHIP SAILED ON," composed expressly for her by RANDEGGER, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, in Lord Byron's tragedy of *Manfred*.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing THIS EVENING in Edinburgh; 17th, Windsor; 21st, Edinburgh; 24th, Dec. 1st and 8th, Glasgow.

Communications respecting engagements in town and country to be addressed (as usual) to her residence, 115 Great Russell Street, Bedford Square.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor to announce that her CLASSES for the Practice of Vocal Concerted Music will commence November 19th at her residence, 60 Bedford Square, where terms may be had, or of the Music Publishers.

MADAME MARCHESI-GRAUMANN, late Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire of Vienna, begs to announce that she has returned to her residence, 33 rue de Londres, Paris, and commenced her winter course of instruction in singing. For particulars, apply to Madame Marchesi in Paris, or to Signor Marchesi, 13 Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT will sing HATTON'S New Song, "THE GALLANT KNIGHT," at Windsor (at the Royal Glee and Madrigal Concert, under the immediate Patronage of the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Princess of Wales), on Tuesday Evening next.

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M. ASCHER will play his Popular Solo, "ALICE," on Monday, November 16th, Leeds; 18th, Newcastle; 19th, Edinburgh; 20th, Glasgow; 21st, Dublin.

## HERR REICHARDT.

HERR REICHARDT will sing his popular Lied, "THOU ART SO NEAR," and his admired Cradle Song, "GOOD NIGHT," on Monday, November 16th, Leeds; 18th, Newcastle; 19th, Edinburgh; 20th, Glasgow; 21st, Dublin.

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15.	Air de la FLOTE ENCHANTEE (Bass)	Mozart	3	0	
16.	Air de DIDON (Soprano)	Piccini	4	0	
17.	Air d'ÉDIFE A COLONE (Bass or Barytone)	Sacchini	3	0	
18.	Air de MEDÉE (Soprano)	Cherubini	4	0	
19.	Air de STRATONICE (Tenor)	Mehul	4	0	
20.	Duo du FRYTSCHUTZ (Soprano or Mezzo)	Weber	4	0	
21.	Fragment du XXI <sup>e</sup> Psaume (Contralto)	Marcello	2	6	
22.	Verset du Te DEUM (Basso or Contralto)	Handel	2	0	
23.	Air de JULES CESAR (Soprano)	Handel	3	0	
24.	Air d'IPHIGENIE en AULIDE (Soprano)	Gluck	2	6	
25.	Duo des NOCES DE FIGARO (2 Soprani)	Mozart	3	0	
26.	LA VIOLETTE (Tenor)	Mozart	2	6	
27.	Air de ROMEO ET JULIETTE (Soprano)	Stelbel	4	0	
28.	Air d'ARODANT (Mezzo-Soprano)	Mehul	4	0	
29.	Air d'OPÉRON (Mezzo-Soprano)	Weber	2	6	
31.	Air d'ÉGLISE (Tenor)	Stradella	3	0	
32.	Air de POLYPHEME (Bass)	Handel	4	0	
33.	Air de CASTOR ET POLLUX (Mezzo-Soprano)	Rameau	2	6	
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35.	Air d'ALCESTE (Soprano)	Gluck	3	0	
36.	Air du STABAT (Contralto)	Haydn	3	0	
37.	Duo de COSI' FAN TUTTE (Soprano Contralto)	Mozart	4	0	
38.	Quand l'aimire (Tenor)	Mozart	3	0	
39.	Romance de NINA (Soprano)	Daleyrac	3	0	
40.	Air de POLIDORO (Bass)	Rossini	3	0	
41.	Air de RINALDO (Soprano)	Handel	3	0	
42.	Air de JOSUE (Basse)	Handel	2	6	
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46.	Air du ROI PASTEUR (Soprano) with Violin	Mozart	5	0	
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4.	Chorus	...	...	...	1
5.	Recit.	...	...	...	1
6.	Air	...	...	...	4
7.	Chorus	...	...	...	4

### PART II.—DELIVERANCE.

8.	Recit.	...	...	...	2	6
9.	Air	...	...	...	...	...
10.	Recit.	...	...	...	...	...
11.	Chorus	...	...	...	4	0
12.	Solo	...	...	...	...	...
13.	Duet	...	...	...	...	...
14.	Recit.	...	...	...	1	0
15.	Cavatina	...	...	...	...	...
16.	Chorus	...	...	...	4	0
17.	Quartet and Chorus	...	...	...	...	...

### PART III.—RECONCILEMENT AND RETURN TO ZION.

18.	Recit. and Chorus	...	...	...	1	0
19.	Duet	...	...	...	3	0
19a.	Solo	...	...	...	2	6
20.	Recit. and Arietta	...	...	...	1	6
21.	Aria	...	...	...	...	...
22.	Recit. and Solo	...	...	...	3	0
23.	Chorus	...	...	...	4	0
24.	Recit.	...	...	...	4	0
25.	Quartet and Chorus	...	...	...	...	...
26.	Chorus and Quartet	...	...	...	4	0

### PART IV.—PROMISE AND SONG OF PRAISE.

27.	Recit.	...	...	...	...	...
28.	Recit. and Chorus	...	...	...	2	0
29.	Recit.	...	...	...	...	...
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## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

## M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

(From *The Times*, Nov. 9.)

It was marvellously like a revival of old and well-remembered times to witness the performance of Saturday night, when M. Louis Jullien—son of the "Jullien," for more than 20 years, in his way, the most popular entertainer of the great crowd of pleasure-seekers in this vast metropolis—began a series of "Promenade Concerts" at Her Majesty's Theatre. The weather was very unpropitious; but that did not prevent the house from being filled, more especially the "promenade," which was crammed at an early hour. The arrangements of the interior are almost precisely the same as when (in 1857) the late M. Jullien gave his concerts in conjunction with Mr. Lumley. There is one material difference, however, inasmuch as the whole of the pit is now boarded over, in order to bring it on a level with the stage—a palpable advantage, on which it is hardly necessary to dwell. The "decorations" exhibit a degree of taste and judgment plainly declaring the superintendence of a practised hand; and that they were universally admired will surprise no one when it is stated that it is due to the invention and active co-operation of Madame Jullien, who in former days always presided over this department. Nothing, indeed, could be better devised, nothing more showy and handsome, nothing more commodious, whether the decorations before or behind the colossal orchestra be taken into consideration. M. Jullien is at the head of a splendid band, numbering upwards of 80 performers, chiefly from Her Majesty's Theatre. To these he has added a number of solo players, from various quarters—artists for the most part of distinguished talent. Moreover for certain exceptional pieces, of more than ordinary attraction, he has been able to secure the services of the bands of the Grenadier Guards (under Mr. D. Godfrey), the Coldstream Guards (under Mr. C. Godfrey, sen.), and the Scotch Fusilier Guards (under Mr. C. Godfrey, jun.), by permission of the colonels of the respective regiments. To conclude, he has a chorus, to do duty on such occasions as may be required. Thus his orchestral force is as complete and efficient as could be wished. A solo vocalist used to be a *sine qua non* at the old "Jullien Concerts;" and we believe that in the engagement of Mlle. Volpini, whose piquant and animated style finds invariably a host of admirers, the very fittest singer for the purpose has been obtained.

On appearing in the orchestra M. Jullien was honored with a reception from all parts of the audience—with whom, by the way, the members of the orchestra cordially fraternised—as warm and genuine as it was flattering. His features bear a striking resemblance to those of his regretted father; and this, combined with the unforgettable attraction of the name, had, no doubt, a marked influence at such a moment. The first performance of the band, under M. Jullien's direction, however, at once gave satisfactory proof that no forbearance was looked for, but that the new conductor intended to solicit public patronage on precisely the same legitimate grounds which had redounded so greatly to the honor of his father—viz., by providing in every respect a first-class entertainment. The overture was the magnificent *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn, and the execution was worthy of the music. A burst of applause was elicited by this noble composer, to begin the concert with which displayed both courage and excellent discretion. The first quadrille—the well-known *Fra Diavolo*, with its solo variations for different instruments, was equally successful, the concluding figure being repeated, in obedience to a loud and general demand. Mozart's melodious and beautiful symphony in E flat, given entire—save the "repeats," which in this instance, except with regard to the minuet and trio, where they were observed, are quite superfluous—came next in order. During the admirable performance of this classical work the audience were as quiet as mice. It was a bold step to venture on the entire symphony at the very first concert; but the result established the fact that M. Jullien had rightly calculated. Besides it was placed so early in the programme that it was heard with untired ears, and enjoyed accordingly. Madlle. Volpini's first air—"Saper vorreste," with which the mischievous page attempts to baffle the conspirators in the masquerade scene of Verdi's *Il Ballo*—was encored with rapture. The young lady completely "took the house by storm," with her Spanish "verve" and "laissez aller." One of the most delicious of the *Waltzes* of Strauss (*Gräfenberger*) succeeded, and was immediately followed by a solo on the cornet-à-pistons, performed by M. Legendre, which rivalled in effect the air from Verdi's opera. M. Legendre, who played a piece of his own—"Introduction to and Variations on *Le Carnaval de Venise*"—is a "virtuoso" of the highest rank upon his instrument, combining in a great measure the brilliant execution of Arban with the tone and expression of Koenig. He, too, was compelled to return to the orchestra and give some more variations. The first part concluded with the famous *British Army Quadrille* (Jullien) presented with all the paraphernalia, all the pomp and signifi-

ficance of times gone by, creating the same excitement, and winning the same uproarious applause. In this the three military bands took part, and the well-known national strains, announcing, at critical moments, the approach of each—especially when the Highlanders issued, with bagpipes, from underneath the orchestra, droning their pibroch to admiration—called forth the accustomed demonstrations. As a matter of tradition and of course, the *British Army Quadrille* was echoed by the National Anthem, and thus terminated the first part, deciding beyond further doubt the success of the concert.

The second part was scarcely less inviting. It began with a grand "selection" from the opera of *Faust*, comprising extracts from the orchestral introduction, and from the scene of the Kermesse (with military bands); Siebel's garden air, "Parlatele d'amor," entire (cornet-solo, Mr. Richardson); the *Chant Bacchique*, from the "Wald-purgis Night"—a scene omitted at both our Italian Opera-houses; extracts from Faust's air, "Salve dimora" (violinello solo, Signor Pezze, and violin *obbligato*, Mr. Carrodus); a large part of the waltz from the second finale ("Come la Brezza"); extracts from the duet in the garden scene ("Dammi ancor"—bassoon and oboe); the song of Mephistopheles in praise of gold ("Dio dell'Or"—euphonium solo, Mr. Phasey); the last movement from Margaret's apostrophe to the jewels ("E strano poter"—clarinet solo, Mr. G. Tyler); and the martial chorus "Gloria immortale" (full orchestra, three military bands, and chorus). This selection from M. Gounod's universally popular work afforded unqualified delight; piece after piece was applauded, and the soldier's chorus encored with enthusiasm. The whole was capitally played; and the instrumental solos—particularly that of Mr. Phasey, whose rich and deep-toned instrument (the euphonium), which he handles with such artistic ease, stood well for the voice of Mephistopheles—afforded satisfaction without bounds. Madlle. Volpini's second song—"Leggere invisibile," the new *bolero* of Signor Arditi—was delivered with the same piquant vivacity, and received with the same favor as her first. In obedience to an encore, not to be disputed without offence, the clever little lady returned to the orchestra and gave the more familiar "Il Bacio," by the same composer. The slow movement from Beethoven's great symphony in C minor, a solo on the flute, by Mr. Svensden (from the Crystal Palace band), and the glorious march from Meyerbeer's *Prophète* were the other pieces in the second part of the programme.

No beginning could have been more auspicious, and there can be little doubt, providing the same spirit is maintained, that the Jullien Concerts may once more resume their place as annual autumn entertainments for the London crowd. Among the promised engagements we observe the name of Signor Sivi, the justly renowned Italian violinist, who has not been heard in London for five years.

(From *The Morning Herald and Standard*, Nov. 9.)

It is seldom that a son has the good fortune to inherit the position which a renowned father occupied before him in public life—to "step into his shoes," as the saying is. Even if the talent of the son be on a par with that of the sire it will be slowly acknowledged. Comparisons established between the present and the absent—the living and the dead—are almost invariably unfavorable to the former. Memory is a great refiner and purifier, and faults, shortcomings and errors, come softened to us, if not forgotten, through the absorbing atmosphere of the past. But exceptions will be found to every rule, and M. Louis Jullien, the son of the celebrated *chef d'orchestre*, who has stepped forward to supply his father's place in the orchestra, is, we think, likely to constitute a remarkable exception. We speak here, of course, of the conductor's abilities only. As a composer, the late M. Jullien, in our opinion, possessed very rare talent, which, however, was not prized at its real worth by English audiences, simply because they were taught to believe, by those, indeed, who should have known better, and who did know better, that he had no creative power, and could write nothing but dance tunes, or dance arrangements. In his Italian opera of *Pietro il Grande*, produced at the end of the season, 1851, at the Royal Italian Opera, with undeniable success, in spite of the efforts of two powerful and well-organised *cliques* against it, Jullien proved beyond all dispute that he had a thorough instinct for operatic composition, and that, with practice, he might have become no mean ornament to the lyric stage. *Pietro il Grande*, however, added little to Jullien's reputation, except with unbiassed and thoughtful musicians, and the people still clung to him, and apostrophised him as the greatest living creator of dance music. In the orchestra, certainly his popularity was supreme; and no general of an instrumental force in theatre or concert-hall was ever so attractive. It is, however, as the conductor of an orchestra merely that we can establish any comparison between M. Louis Jullien and his father. The son has yet to make his reputation as a composer. As the director of an orchestra he seems to have inherited the paternal instinct and manner in an eminent degree. Those demonstrative means, which were the spells wherewith the former enchanter fascinated all hearts, and held even judgment in thrall, have been intuitively



appreciated by the younger Jullien, and made use of apparently with the same effect. The conductor of a band, however talented and experienced, in presence of a large and mixed audience, can never command attention, much less admiration, without a show of enthusiasm, without the outward manifestation of something which tells them that he himself feels what they feel, and that he is a sharer in their delight. The late Jullien, in this respect, was eminently the conductor for the million; and in this respect we hail M. Louis Jullien as the legitimate successor of his father, and, as in all probability, destined to supply the vacuum left by his death. That the new conductor has something to learn from experience cannot be concealed, but the talent and impulse are both within his grasp, and nothing remains to instal him in his father's throne but time and practice.

The series of Promenade Concerts which commenced on Saturday night at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management and direction of M. Louis Jullien, could not have been inaugurated with greater *éclat*. The band was first-rate, the programme could not have been surpassed for variety and excellence, while the arrangements and decorations of the house were in the highest degree striking and admirable. No less, indeed, was to have been anticipated from the great experience and refined taste of Madame Jullien, who projected and carried out the new fittings and ornamentations. The stage arrangements are beautifully and chastely designed, the hangings being glazed calico, looking like satin at a distance, laced with gold, and interspersed with wreaths and garlands of flowers. Over the proscenium, or front of the orchestra, are suspended five chandeliers or candelabra of a novel and exquisite pattern, and which light up the stage with intense brilliancy. The whole appearance of the interior of the theatre, in short, is very charming, and attracts the eye at a glance.

[With the exception of the overture and the first quadrille the programme has undergone no serious change throughout the week. So great has been the success of the selection from *Faust*, the British Army Quadrille, and the two airs of Mdle. Volpini, that it would be highly impolitic to make any alteration. In the *Faust* selection the Grand March with chorus is encored nightly, and Mdle. Volpini, who becomes a greater favorite every time she sings, is compelled to repeat both her songs, invariably substituting "Il Bacio" for the same composer's "Bolero." M. Jullien was fortunate in securing the services of so admirable and fascinating a songstress. On Monday Signor Sivori makes his first appearance in London these five years. The house has been crowded every night during the week, and up to the present moment the success of the concerts has been undeniable.]

#### AGRICULTURAL HALL, &c.

(From "The London Review"—August 7.)

Mr. Willis's large organ, originally erected at the International Exhibition, having been transplanted to the Islington Agricultural Hall, was opened on Tuesday last by Dr. Wesley. A performance of the *Messiah* was given on the occasion by a band and chorus numbering upwards of a thousand, the principal singers being Mdle. Parepa, Madame Sain-ton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Between the first and second parts of the oratorio Dr. Wesley performed a fantasia and fugue (*extempore*). Organ-playing in this country is so profitless a pursuit that any artist who devotes himself exclusively to the cultivation of the grandest of all instruments deserves respectful consideration for an enthusiasm which, whatever fame it may bring, will scarcely produce much more solid results. There is, perhaps, no walk of musical art so absorbing as organ-playing. Singing and violin-playing have powerful fascinations for artistic egotism, but the vainest of singers or violinists must occasionally feel a yearning for something beyond their own individual efforts. Not so the organist—seated at an instrument of sufficient magnitude, with its three or four manuals (key-boards) and its proper complement of pedals, realizing the grand conceptions of that Michael Angelo of music, Sebastian Bach, or indulging in the reveries of extemporaneous fancy, the organist sinks all sense of the personal in the sublimity of an instrument whose tones are identified with the most sacred and ennobling associations. Among the few English organists of distinction, the late Samuel Wesley (father of the Dr. Wesley just referred to) merits especial mention, not only as an improvisatore of considerable powers, but also as having been the first to introduce among us the fugues of Sebastian Bach. Samuel Wesley's organ playing was that of a clear, though not profound thinker; his natural genius was greater than his technical acquirements, and hence his improvisations were admirable rather for intelligible distinctness than for recondite elaboration. By far the greatest English organist was the late Mr. Thomas Adams, a man whose truly remarkable powers were never thoroughly appreciated save by the few who are capable of following the intricacies of fugue and counterpoint. This gentleman, although, of course, not comparable to

Mendelssohn in genius and fancy, was little, if at all, inferior to him (as an organ player) in mechanical dexterity and command of the intricate combinations of counterpoint in his impromptu performances. One, two, and sometimes three subjects (frequently proposed at the moment by one of the audience) were treated with logical strictness and unhesitating clearness, including all those ingenious combinations and devices (inversion, augmentation, diminution, &c.) which are difficulties even in deliberate composition. True, in his free fantasia playing, his style was sometimes disfigured by antiquated mannerisms which he had imbibed from the false taste prevalent during his early studies. Take him altogether, however, Mr. Thomas Adams was a man of very rare and remarkable talent, absorbed in the exercise of his special powers, and reaping but small reward and limited fame—dying the organist of an ordinary parish church; and so far as we remember, without one word of passing comment. Much interest was excited by the announcement of Dr. Wesley's performance on Tuesday last, and many amateurs of the organ were attracted by the desire to hear a player whose celebrity has not been extinguished by his long absence from London. Dr. Wesley commenced with a prelude in the free style, leading to an *andante* in which he displayed some of the solo stops of the instrument, and concluding with a fugue which was announced as extemporaneous, the preceding movements it may therefore be presumed being written composition. The subject of Dr. Wesley's fugue was neither new or interesting—it was so trite as to possess no importance in itself, and could only have derived it by an elaborate treatment which it did not receive. A counter subject was added, which, however, speedily disappeared; and after the usual "point d'orgue" and some sequential repetitions of the subject, the fugue was wound up by a brilliant "coda." Dr. Wesley exhibited consummate skill in his treatment of the instrument, his unerring readiness of hand and feet evincing complete mastery over all the difficulties of his art—but, although our greatest living organist, Dr. Wesley can scarcely be considered the equal of Adams either in clearness of rhythmical phrasing, purity of part-playing, or ingenuity in the devices of counterpoint.

#### NADAR'S GIANT BALLOON.—(Communicated.)

The interest excited by M. Nadar's gigantic Balloon and its two ascents from the Champ de Mars in Paris, with the perils of its descents, so graphically described in the French journals, has led to an arrangement by which, for a few days only, it will be exhibited in the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace. In order that some idea may be formed of the magnitude of this aerial machine, it may be stated that it so far exceeds in height the great transept of the Palace that the *nacelle* (or car) cannot be placed in its proper position beneath the Balloon, but must be exhibited detached from it. But for the Crystal Palace it would not have been possible for the English public to have had the opportunity of seeing this great machine; for at this stormy period of the year ascensions or out-door exhibitions of it are alike impracticable, and no other building of sufficient height is available in which to exhibit it. In the Palace it is inflated with atmospheric air, and consequently partly suspended from the roof of the transept. The curious contrivances of small rooms in the lower floor of the car, with the various appurtenances provided by M. Nadar for his aerial voyage, will be regarded with great interest, as will also the "Compensator," or second balloon, which is intended to receive the spare gas when the large balloon becomes too much distended by the diminished density of the atmosphere. As may be supposed, the weight of the Balloon is not inconsiderable; when also it is borne in mind that at the last ascent in the Champ de Mars, in the presence of the Emperor and of the King of Greece, it raised thirty-five persons readily from the ground, it will give some idea of the ascending power which is gained by the 215,000 cubic feet of gas with which it was inflated. To judge of the interest it has excited abroad it may be stated that the Royal Family of Hanover repeatedly visited the Balloon, and that the Car was delayed at the railway station some days that it might be inspected by a host of distinguished persons. The Balloon is suspended from the highest point of the roof of the great Transept, and inflated to its full dimensions. The visitor can now form a good idea of its size and proportions, as in height it reaches nearly to the roof, while it extends to within a few feet of the galleries on each side the Transept. The Car is also placed on a raised platform, and will be regarded with special interest, exhibiting unmistakable evidence of the fearful usage it experienced on its recent descents with its nine passengers in Hanover. M. Nadar is expected at the Palace by the end of the week. The Palace will remain open during the exhibition of the Balloon; and as it will be convenient to many persons to visit it in the afternoon, the Palace will be lighted up each evening till seven o'clock. Arrangements have also been made by which trains from the North London Railway at Bow and intermediate stations will run direct to the Palace, tickets including admission to the Palace being issued by the Railway Company.

## MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

This very attractive entertainment brought an immense crowd of amateurs on Friday night (November 6) to St. James's Hall. The great feature of the programme was the new *cantata*, entitled *Richard Cœur de Lion*, now given for the first time in London. The flattering reception accorded to this work at the Norwich Festival, in September, was recorded at the time, and the record was accompanied by a detailed analysis both of the book and of the music. A second hearing has more than confirmed the favorable impression elicited by the first, and satisfied us that *Richard Cœur de Lion* is one of the very best, as it is one of the most recent, compositions of Mr. Benedict. The old legend of Blondel de Nesle, is so well treated in the libretto, and the introduction of a female personage in Mathilde, the imaginary spectre, adds so materially to its charm, by investing it with human interest, that there can exist no reason whatever why *Richard Cœur de Lion* should not make as good an operetta for the stage as it makes an excellent piece for the concert room. The four principal characters—Mathilde (the "White Lady"), Blondel de Nesle, Urbain (the Page), and the "Lion King" himself—are natural, well marked, and thoroughly dramatic; while in his music Mr. Benedict has not merely contrasted, or combined, them with equal felicity, as occasion demanded, but imparted to each what the French would call an *allure fortement sympathique*. Each has something to say, or rather sing, in the form, more or less, of soliloquy, which wins the confidence, at the same time that it excites the attention of the audience. Mathilde, in her grand *scena* ("Of Love they say the hapless lady died")—the *bravura* passages in the last movement notwithstanding—enlists a general feeling of sympathy both for her abstract notions of what true love should be and her own unrequited passion for Cœur de Lion. Richard, the King, in a *scena* of still higher musical importance, presents a picture of his early career—his love for his wife Berengaria, and his chivalric deeds in Palestine—so bright and glowing as to bring out in strong relief the weary monotony of his forced solitude, when, imprisoned in a strange country, his hope of ultimate liberation is at the best forlorn. Urbain, in the quaint ballad which tells the story of the "White Lady" ("An hundred years ago"), exhibits the power of intelligence over untutored superstition. No one believes that the roguish page himself attaches any credence to the romantic legend; and even were that not quite apparent at the commencement, it would be scarcely questionable further on, when, in the charming little air, "My lady and the stranger," Urbain shows plainly that his discovery of the trick is only a confirmation of his early suspicions. Lastly, Blondel de Nesle, in the graceful ballad, with chorus, "I wander in search of a treasure," while cajoling the villagers with a mere sentiment, lets the audience into the secret of his unalterable fidelity to his august master, and determination never to rest until he has found out the place of Richard's confinement. There is a life about all these, and a picturesque reality, so to speak, which places them apart from ordinary things of the kind. The other portions of the music are more ambitious, inasmuch as they tax in a higher degree the musical knowledge, experience, and inventive talent of the composer; but they are not the less successful. The overture—of which the principal subjects are afterwards freely employed in the *cantata*—is, as we have already said, one of Mr. Benedict's most striking orchestral preludes; the choruses are, without exception, pretty, lively, and in keeping with the ideal character of the village rustics supposed to be the singers; the concerted music—as far as it goes, for there is not much of it—is ingenious and pleasing; the instrumentation everywhere masterly. It would be almost impossible to treat more happily the scene in which the indefatigable Blondel, having discovered that his beloved master is in the castle, recites the signal-song ("May is into prison cast"), and is immediately answered from within. The effect of this upon the stage would, of course, be threefold; but even in the concert room it is unmistakable.

The performance of *Richard Cœur de Lion* on Friday night was for the most part admirable. The principal singers—Mdlle. Tietjens (Mathilde), Mdlle. Trebelli (Urbain), Mr. Wilbye Cooper (Blondel de Nesle) and Mr. Santley (Richard Cœur de Lion)—were, with two exceptions (Mdlle. Trebelli and Mr. Wilbye Cooper), the same as at the Norwich Festival; the band, too, consisted, as nearly as was practicable, of the same performers as on that occasion; while the great majority of the chorus, members of the Vocal Association, were unlikely to spare any pains in order to do justice to a new work by their esteemed conductor. Mdlle. Tietjens, who was, as the phrase goes, "in splendid voice," sang the music allotted to her even better than at Norwich, where, being somewhat fatigued, she was not completely mistress of her resources. Her *scena*—the *andante* ("Gentle shade")—more especially—was absolutely perfect. Mdlle. Trebelli (though evidently indisposed, as was made manifest in the miscellaneous selection that preceded *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and subsequently in that from *Faust*) gave the songs of Urbain, so well suited to her rich *mezzo contralto*, as charmingly as was expected from her, despite the

inconvenience of having to sing in a language with which she is at present unacquainted. Mr. Wilbye Cooper—not for the first time by many—proved himself a thoroughly well-trained musician, resolved to do his utmost and note-perfect in every scene. His execution of the music of Blondel de Nesle was not merely painstaking and correct, but marked alike by taste and genuine expression. If this diligent and clever gentleman—already one of our most skilful singers—was blessed with a voice of greater volume and richness of quality, he would have few superiors. Mr. Santley was just the Cœur de Lion he had already shown himself at Norwich. It is a boon for any composer to have to write for such a singer; and if Mr. Benedict—proverbially anxious, like most musicians who work for the love of Art—was not entirely satisfied with Mr. Santley's fine delivery of the *scena* in the fortress, and particularly with the faultless expression imparted to the slow movement ("One beauteous image"), he must be more exacting than Meyerbeer himself, the most exacting of exacting composers. The overture and the accompaniment throughout were played as well as could have been wished. The audience, who listened to the *cantata*, from beginning to end, with sustained interest, were frequent and liberal in their applause; and, at the termination of the performance, Mr. Benedict was called back to the orchestra, to receive the warm and unanimous tribute due to the merits of his new work, which may now be said to have fairly taken its position in the London concert room.

The "selections" before and after the *cantata* were conducted by Signor Arditi, from whose pen two compositions were introduced—a new song, entitled "The Stirrup-cup" (Mr. Santley), and a *bolero*, "Leggero invisible" (Mdlle. Tietjens)—the first of which was encored, and the last applauded with enthusiasm.

BRIGHTON (From a Correspondent).—You are in London, enjoying good music, first-rate artists and exceptional gales. That is no reason why you should not be informed of musical doings at Brighton. Know, then, that Herr Kuhe's concert on Monday evening, 2nd November, was, as far as attendance goes, the greatest success known at any recent Brighton concert. The popular pianist was assisted by Mdlle. Tietjens, who made the most admirable hit, and got the most rapturous encore in "The Arditi" Valse; whereupon she sang "The Bolero" (Arditi's), a piece of more vocal effect than the first, and certainly of more musical value than "The Bacio." Then, by Mdlle. Trebelli, who was much applauded in "Le parlate d'amor," but, strange to say, not one piece in the first part, all of *Faust*, was encored. Mdlle. Trebelli was encored (though feebly) in the Polka of *Le tre Nozze*, which she does not sing clearly, and arpeggios so low as this—



can scarcely produce effect in a big hall. That of the three gentlemen, Mr. Santley, Signors Bettini and Bossi, the first should have produced by far the greatest sensation can certainly not surprise you, for he would even in comparison with greater artists than these two be sure to gain the most hearty and well merited applause. He sang wonderfully. Signor Bettini singing *Faust* you may imagine. As long as marrying a great and sympathetic artist does not give you her vocal means, he will do well to keep to modestly limited songs, which he can sing very nicely. Papers say that he strains his voice too much, but how shall he get to the B? Among Herr Kuhe's pieces—*Elisir d'amore*, *Britannia*, *Les Ailes*, and *Marche Funèbre*—the latter composition of Chopin's was the best received. Herr Engel, who is an especial favorite here, played a *Fantasia* on *Faust*, his own composition, on the harmonium, which was certainly one of the most eminent successes of the evening. This is not to be wondered at. Herr Engel is one of the greatest living executants on his instrument, and the *fantasia* is very attractive. Brighton is extremely full, and the weather atrocious; rain, wind, darkness, constitute a wonderfully agreeable ensemble. Yours, &c., Por.

GLASGOW.—The Social Reform Society gave their first concert on Tuesday evening. The hall was well filled, considering the unfavorable state of the weather. The artists were Miss Van Noorden, Miss Edwards, Miss Pearce, Signor Oporti, Mr. D'Almaine, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Singord. The instrumentalists were the band of the Social Reform Society and that of the 41st Regiment, who were enthusiastically encored for their excellent performance of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. The vocalists all acquitted themselves admirably, particularly Miss Van Noorden, who sang "Tacea la notte" and "Di tale amor" most admirably. The Social Reform Society must be congratulated on having made a capital start with their new enterprise.

## LES TROYENS DE BERLIOZ.

(Au Rédacteur du MUSICAL WORLD.)

MONSIEUR.—Il n'est pas commun d'être à la fois poète et musicien. Cela ne s'était point vu en France, si nous avons bonne mémoire, depuis l'opéra-comique intitulé *Ponce de Léon*, dont Berton a fait, successivement ou à la fois, les paroles et la musique. Cela suppose la réunion de facultés diverses que la nature ne donne qu'à de très-rare élus. Mais notre collaborateur et ami Hector Berlioz avait depuis longtemps faites preuves dans les deux arts. A l'appréhension de ses deux grandes symphonies, tout le monde avait compris que l'harmoniste était doublé d'un poète. On avait vu le poète de *La Damnation de Faust* comme dans *Roméo et Juliette*, et quand *l'Enfance du Christ* fut exécutée dans la salle Herz, on fut si peu surpris de voir la partition et le livret signés du même nom que personne, ou presque personne, n'en fit la remarque. Lorsqu'on apprit que *Béatrice et Bénédicte*, ainsi que les *Troyens*, étaient, comme Pallas, sortis tout armés d'un cerveau unique, *proles sine matre creata*, on trouva cela tout simple. Tant on s'accoutume vite aux choses les plus dignes d'admiration!

Donc, ces *Troyens* que l'on attendait depuis si longtemps, et avec une curiosité si ardente, ont fait leur entrée sur la scène du théâtre Lyrique mercredi dernier. Cette entrée a été triomphale, on peut le dire. Chaque morceau a fait éclater de bruyants applaudissements. Un des plus importants a été *bissé*, — un septuor, notez-le bien! Que le public soit saisi par le tour piquant d'un couplet légèrement accompagné, dont le style leste et simple se comprend sans effort, et se loge du premier coup dans la mémoire, cela se voit tous les jours, et n'a rien de très-étonnant. Mais un morceau à sept voix d'une harmonie aussi savante qu'agréable, escorté de l'accompagnement instrumental le plus ingénieux, le plus pittoresque, plein de hardiesses harmoniques, de modulations imprévues et saisissantes, voilà un triomphe rare, et dont peu de compositeurs peuvent se vanter! Dans ce morceau, chanté par Enée et son fils Ascagne, Didon, sa sœur Anne—*Anna soror*—et de grands dignitaires carthaginois dont le nom nous échappe, il n'est question, si nous avons bien entendu, que du plaisir qu'on éprouve à respirer, sous le ciel africain, à clarté de la lune et des naissantes étoiles, la brisette et embaumée du soir. Mais il y a dans l'âme du chef des Troyens et de la reine de Carthage une pensée plus secrète, un sentiment plus mystérieux, qui ne se manifeste point par des paroles, mais dont la musique est, pour ainsi dire, imprégnée. La fière Didon, domptée par Vénus, appartient tout entière au fils de la déesse, et le lui a déjà prouvé. A la fin de l'acte précédent, on les a vus, chassés par l'orage, chercher ensemble un abri dans la grotte fatale....

..... Ruant de montibus amnes ....  
Speluncam Dido dux et trojanus eandem  
Deveniunt .....

C'est le souvenir de ce moment d'ivresse qui flotte comme un nuage vaporeux et parfumé sur cette suave harmonie, et qui la sature de tendresse et de volupté. Enée et Didon restent seuls, et le septuor devient duo. Mais la musique ne change pour cela ni de mesure, ni de rythme, ni de couleur. Le duo n'est que la prolongation du septuor, un peu moins voilée seulement, et beaucoup plus passionnée.

O nuit d'ivresse et d'extase infinie!  
Blonde Phébé, grands astres de sa cour,  
Versez sur nous votre lueur bénie!  
Fleurs des cieux, souriez à l'immortel amour!

Dire ce qu'il y a dans cet ensemble de mélodie tout à la fois gracieuse et ardente, d'harmonie délicate et de détails ingénieux, et d'instrumentation piquante et fine dans les développements qui lui succèdent et le ramènent... nous n'y réussirions jamais. Bornons-nous donc à le signaler au lecteur d'aujourd'hui, qui sera spectateur et auditeur demain. Appelons également son attention sur la chanson du matelot Hylas, qui ouvre l'acte suivant.

Berce mollement sur ton sein sublime,  
O puissante mer, l'enfant de Dindyme!

Cette cantilène est un peu monotone, et devrait l'être. C'est le caractère invariable de tous les chants des hommes de mer. Ce qu'il serait ailleurs un défaut, est donc ici une beauté de premier ordre.

La contemplation habituelle de la mer donne à l'homme le sentiment de l'immensité la perception de l'infini, où s'effacent et disparaissent tous les menus détails qui produisent la variété. Le marin qui s'éloigne du rivage dit adieu à sa patrie, à sa famille, et ne sait jamais s'il les reverra. Son éternelle mélancholie n'est, hélas! que trop fréquemment justifiée.—Avez-vous vu cet admirable tableau de Léopold Robert, les *Pêcheurs de l'Adriatique*? Avez-vous senti tout ce qu'il y a de tristesse profonde et morne sur ces rudes visages altérés par l'émotion, dans ces regards humides et voilés, où la résolution intrépide ne brille qu'au travers des larmes? Tout ce que la merveilleuse composition du grand peintre vous a fait éprouver, envahira de nouveau votre cœur, s'il n'est pas insensé, quand vous entendrez les vagues et tristes accents que le musicien-poète a mis dans la bouche du jeune matelot Hylas. Cette mélodie semble n'avoir pas de cadence finale. Elle reste comme suspendue au dessus de l'abîme... Qui sait, en effet, si celui qui chant et qui va partir reviendra jamais! Les douces sonorités qui se balancent mollement dans l'orchestre pendant que cette délicieuse cantilène se développe au fond de la scène, en doublent le charme et l'effet. Cet adorable petit morceau—il est formé de trois couplets que rien ne sépare,—est celui de tous peut-être que l'auditoire du premier jour a le moins compris. Il prendra bientôt, nous le prédisons sans craindre, la place qui lui est due.

Telles sont les parties de l'œuvre nouvelle qui nous ont le plus vivement frappé. Nous en pourrions signaler beaucoup d'autres:—le chœur du prologue, qui se chante derrière la toile du fond, laquelle représente Troie en ruine;—les deux airs de *Didon*, son duo avec sa sœur Anne, où règne, autant que nous en avons pu juger, beaucoup de charme—le finale du premier acte;—le chant funéraire des prêtres de Pluton, etc. Mais il y a dans presque tous une force si intense, des complications harmoniques si multipliées, une telle recherche et une telle nouveauté d'effets d'instrumentation, que l'on est un peu ébloui,—disons-le même, un peu étourdi,—que l'on se perd au milieu de toutes ces richesses, et que nous désespérons d'en parler congrûment après une seule audition. Il faut attendre, et il ne nous sera pas défendu d'y revenir. Nous avons indiqué les parties de cette volumineuse partition qui nous ont paru, de prime abord, les plus remarquables. C'est assez pour cette fois. A chaque jour suffit sa peine, comme dit judicieusement l'Évangile. L'histoire des Grecs et des Troyens, de Cassandre et du cheval de bois, d'Enée et de Didon est d'ailleurs si connue, que nous ne sentons nullement le besoin de la raconter. Feu Virgile ne nous a rien laissé à faire à cet égard. Rouvrez *l'Enéide*, monsieur, livres II et IV, et ne manquez pas cette occasion de relire les plus beaux vers qui aient jamais été écrits dans aucune langue.

Mme. Charton-Demeur joue le rôle de la reine de Carthage en vaillant actrice. Elle a le regard fier, le front superbe, la taille noble, le corsage opulent, le geste impérieux que l'imagination prête par avance à la fondation de l'empire carthaginois. Elle a la voix puissante, l'accent énergique, altier, tendre, voluptueux, ému, pathétique ou terrible qu'exigent les situations diverses où elle se trouve placée. Berlioz n'aurait pu trouver une plus intelligente et plus digne interprète. M. Monjauze n'a ni la voix ni le port d'un héros, et l'on a de la peine à croire, en le voyant, qu'il soit le fils d'une déesse. Ce n'est pas sa faute. Il fait assurément tout ce qu'il peut.

M. Cabel dit la romance du matelot avec beaucoup de charme. Ce jeune ténor a fait de grands progrès dont nous devons lui tenir compte. Les chœurs et l'orchestre, dont la puissance a été augmentée pour cette circonstance solennelle, fonctionnent aussi bien qu'on peut l'imaginer. L'administration n'a rien épargné pour joindre au plaisir des oreilles le plaisir des yeux. On dit qu'elle a dépensé des sommes considérables. Elle n'a point perdu son argent. Les décors—très-nombreux—sont dessinés et peints avec un talent remarquable, et nous regrettons de n'en pouvoir nommer les auteurs. Les costumes sont d'une richesse éblouissante, mais qui n'est pas toujours d'un goût irréprochable. Les guerriers troyens portent des manteaux, des tuniques, des armures dont l'éclat fatigue l'œil, des casques d'une dimension démesurée, prodigieuse. Un peu plus de simplicité et de modestie sérail mieux, ce semble, à des vaincus, à des dépossédés, à des fugitifs, à des naufragés. Virgile ne les fait pas, à beaucoup près, si brillants, et il prend même le soin de décrire leur costume asiatique, surmonté du bonnet phrygien. On leur a donné le costume grec, qui ne devait pas beaucoup leur plaire.

LEON DUROCHER,



## PARIS.

(From a Correspondent).

The success of M. Berlioz's new opera seems to absorb all interest and curiosity and to leave no room for conversation on any other subject. No success was ever hailed by the Parisians with greater delight, for M. Berlioz is a universal favorite and the entire French capital rejoices at the result. You will of course have of your own especial report of the performance on the opening night. I shall not pretend to give an opinion of the music just now, but by and bye, perhaps, may venture on a criticism, which indeed involves no serious difficulty, so much of *Les Troyens* being admirable and new.—At the Italiens, important movements have taken place. *Poliuto* has been produced for Madame Julienne Dejean and Signor Fraschini and *Norma* for Madame La Grange. The papers are in ecstasies with both performances. I like neither. Mdlle. Vanderbeek debuted in Adalgisa but with little success. Signor Nicolini, the Pollio, was not more successful. Mdlle. Adelina Patti is now in Paris en route for Madrid. She does not appear at the Italiens until about the middle of December. Signor Naudin will accompany Mdlle. Patti to the Spanish capital, leaving Signor Nicolini to do service for him at the Salle Ventadour in his absence.—Nothing new about the Grand Opéra, except the accident to Mdlle. Amina Boschetti while rehearsing the new ballet which will prevent the fair artist from making her debut for some days.—At the Opéra-Comique the rehearsals of Auber's new opera, the *Pianee du Roi de Garbes*, are approaching their termination. The greatest pains and care are being taken by the direction to give *clôture* to the performance. Six pupils of the Conservatoire have been engaged to augment the chorus of pages.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CHAPELLE and Co.—“The Hunt,” “The Village Fete,” “Stella Valse,” composed by Mrs. Joseph Robinson.  
 PRANSON and SON.—“The Whole Hog or None Schottische,” by G. Nicholson.

CRYSTAL PALACE (From a Correspondent).—The first series of the winter concerts took place on Saturday, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the vast hall was crowded by a fashionable audience. The programme was varied, and the selection good. The artists were—Madame Franchi (her first appearance in England), and Signor Marchesi, vocalists; M. Lotto, instrumentalist; conductor, Mr. A. Manns. The concert opened with Haydn's symphony in G—work too well known to our readers to need any comment from us. It is classic and beautiful in its construction, and tested to the utmost the ability of the band, who did it every justice. Signor Marchesi sang an aria of Handel's, from one of his Italian operas. It was given with much skill, if not very remarkable quality of voice, and was loudly applauded. Madame Franchi sang Verdi's preghiera, “Salva Maria,” from *Lombardi*, and Gilda's cavatina, from *Rigoletto*, “Caro nome del mio core.” Of M. Lotto's performance there can be but one opinion. He played the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto, and Paganini's “I Palpiti,” with marvellous effect. It would be difficult to find language sufficiently strong to do Lotto justice, and those who say he should have done so and so when playing this or that, are persons who wish to find some excuse for “doing the impartial critic.” His playing of the two pieces was a triumph from beginning to end. An overture to *Medea*, by W. Bargeil, concluded the concert. It is a work of much merit, chaste and classic in its construction, and abounding in graceful melody. A German writer, speaking of Bargeil, considers him one of the most promising of the young composers of Germany. The overture was played by the band in excellent style, under the conductorship of Mr. Augustus Manns.

Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN gave a second Pianoforte Entertainment in the theatre of the Islington Literary and Scientific Society, on the Thursday of last week. The accomplished pianist played several quotations from the classical composers, and some specimens of the modern romantic school, with her accustomed brilliancy. All of these were listened to with revivited attention by a very numerous audience, and the movements which elicited the most cordial demonstrations of approval were the graceful Finale to Dussek's *Plus Ultra Sonata* (for the revival of which we are indebted to Madame Arabella Goddard), “The Music of the Sea” and the “Rose, Thistle and Shamrock” of Briseac. The pianoforte pieces were relieved by Miss Marion Walsh's agreeable singing of a canonet of Haydn, Mrs. John Macfarren's ballad “Lucy is not here” and G. A. Macfarren's “The beating of my own heart,” in which she was complimented with an encore. The entertainment never flagged in interest, and the fair entertainer was enthusiastically applauded throughout.

MR. J. RUSSELL'S CONCERTS, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, was not so fully attended as was expected from the attractive programme set forth. The vocalists were Maddles, Carlotta Patti, Madame Fanny Huddart, Herr Reichardt, and Signor Ferranti, with MM. Vieuxtemps, C. J. Hargitt, and Ascher as instrumentalists. Mdlle. Carlotta Patti—who, with the artists named above, has been winning “golden opinions” in the provinces—was received with great favor, and after Muzio's popular song, “I would hear you, warbler” (The Nightingale), was recalled with acclamation. The same enthusiasm was manifested after her singing “The Shadow Air,” from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, when, on her return from the orchestra, she gave “Comin thro' the rye.” Madame Huddart was highly successful in “The Bell Ringer” (Wallace), Miss Gabriel's “Ship Boy's Letter” (encored), and “The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.” Herr Reichardt, who has not been heard in London for some time, sang his new song, “Love's Request,” and his admired ballad “Thou art so near and yet so far.” In the latter he was as usual rapturously encored, when he sang his charming cradle song, “Good night, the day, pretty darling, draws near to its close.” Signor Ferranti sang with much vocal power and humor “Miei rampoli femminini,” from *Cenerentola*, Rossini's *Tarentella*, “Gialla luna,” and the “Quanto amore” (*Elixir d'Amore*), with Mdlle. Carlotta Patti. MM. Vieuxtemps and Ascher commenced the concert with a duet for violin and piano, and the former artist played some violin solos in his best manner. M. Ascher made a great impression in his own Fantasia, “Le Chant de Nafades,” which he played capitolly, and, after his two solos, “Leonora” (*Romance Sans Paroles*) and “Saus Souci” (*Galop de Concert*), he was immensely applauded. A duet, composed by M. Ascher for two pianofortes, on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, was excellently played by the composer and Mr. C. J. Hargitt. The latter gentleman also accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

MISS ELLEN WILLIAMS.—The *Ulster Observer*, of the 10th inst., in a notice of Dr. Chipp and Mr. Loveday's first quartet Concert in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, writes:—“Miss Ellen Williams, of Dublin, was the vocalist, and if she had not been previously on terms of professional intimacy with those assembled within the hall she must have last night produced an impression that will be remembered when next she visits this portion of our island.”

GUERNSEY.—The culmination of Mdlle. Enequist's series of concerts in Jersey was reached on Tuesday evening last. It is no figure of speech to state that the Queen's Assembly Room was completely and inconveniently crammed. The audience was at the same time delighted and oppressed. It would be superfluous at this advanced state of Mlle. Enequist's sojourn in Jersey to say one word in praise of her singing. We cannot, however, refrain from adding our farewell tribute of approbation. We trust that she may speedily attain that high position in the estimation of musical England which her admirers in this island believe she is destined to occupy. The note-worthy features of last Tuesday night's concert were V. Massé's “L'air du Rossignol” (*Les Noces de Jeanette*) and the grand air from *Semiramide*; in these pieces Mlle. Enequist made good her claim as an executant of eccentrically-imaginative music, as well as of that of a strictly classical character. In Gounod's “Ave Maria,” and also in the Spanish melodies and French chanson (encored), she showed how much she is at home in the devotional and ballad schools of France and Sweden. Mr. Draper played with grace and skill his “Tyrolien Air” and variations, and was encored. Mr. E. E. Smith, who officiated as pianist, performed two pieces.—*Morning Express*.

MADRID.—Signor Mario has achieved an extraordinary success in the *Ballo in Maschera* in his popular part of the Duke. Mdlle. Carlotta Marchisio was Amalia, and Mdlle. Delphine Calderon, a debutante, the page—both well spoken of. As Riccardo, also, Signor Guicciardi comes in for his share of praise. *Semiramide* with the sisters Marchisio has created a furor. The Madrid journals speak in high terms of the concerts of the celebrated contra-bassist Signor Bottesini and also alludes with enthusiasm to the pianoforte playing of Signor Perelli.

TURIN.—From various sources we learn of the decided success of Mad. Aldighieri-Spezia (the Spezia of Mr. Lumley in 1856 and 57) at the theatre Carignan, in *Norma*. The director of the Italian Opera in Paris is said to be in treaty for the lady and her husband, Signor Aldighieri (the Aldighieri of Mr. Lumley in 185—).

FLORENCE.—Madame Grisi is announced for a series of representations at the Pergola Theatre, the first of which, *Norma*, was to have been given in aid of the funds of the Sailors' Hospitals. Madame Ferraris is at the same theatre performing with distinguished success.

LEIPSIC.—The *Signale* announces that Mdlle. Luca has just signed an agreement for life (*à vie*) with the Court Theatre of Berlin, to sing for seven months in the year, and that, already Paris and London are contending for her possession during the other five months. The *Signale*, as usual, lies.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH CONCERT.

THIRD CONCERT OF THE SIXTH SEASON,  
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1863.

THIRD APPEARANCE OF

M. LOTTO.

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

QUARTET, in D, Op. 44, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello *Mendelssohn*.  
M. LOTTO, Herr L. RIES, Mr. H. WEBB and M. PAQUE.SERENADE, "Quand tu chantes berce" — Mdlle. PAREPA . . . *Gounod*.SONG, "I wander in search of a treasure" (*Richard Cœur de Lion*) . . . *Benedict*.  
Mr. WILBY COOPER.SONATA, in D, Op. 10, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone . . . *Beethoven*.  
(No. 7 of Hallé's edition.)  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

## PART II.

CHACONNE, for Violin Solo, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (by  
general desire) — M. LOTTO . . . *Bach*.DUET, "Per valli, per boschi" . . . *Blangini*.  
Mdlle. PAREPA and Mr. WILBY COOPER.SONG, "La blondine in gondoletta" — Mdlle. PAREPA . . . *Paër*.SONG, "The shades of evening" — Mr. WILBY COOPER . . . *F. Clay*.SONATA, in A, Op. 49, for Pianoforte and Violin, dedicated to  
Kreutzer — Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ and M. LOTTO . . . *Beethoven*.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD informs her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to Town for the winter season. 26 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is Removed to DUNCAN DAVISON and Co.'s, 244, REGENT STREET (corner of Little Argyll Street), where subscriptions, advertisements and all communications intended for the Publishers or the Editor will henceforth be received.

## NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is a MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. BAKER BUTCHER.—In one respect, yes; in another, no—as our correspondent will see by the subjoined article from *The Times* of Tuesday, October 13, a part of which he loosely quotes:—

"ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The eighth and, according to announcement, final season began last night with a new opera, the music by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace. The house was crowded in every part, and among

the audience were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, and the King of the Greeks. It is not yet time to review what Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have done in the course of their seven years' management for an undertaking which they always point to and desire to be accepted as "national"—what, in short, they have been able to effect for the advancement of English Opera. We may, however, on such an occasion as the present, fairly compliment them on the spirit they have exhibited, from time to time, in the production of works composed expressly for their theatre. Their field of observation, it is true, has not been very wide, and they have unquestionably gone a little too often to the "old well," neglecting other sources whence something fresher might, perhaps, occasionally have been obtained. But in this they acted according to the faith within them—a faith, there is no denying, shared in a great measure by the public "which pays;" and if they have not actually succeeded in bringing to light a series of masterpieces, it can hardly be laid to their charge. Some few new operas have been given to the world which it would have been a pity not to hear, inasmuch as they have sustained, if not materially advanced, the reputation of our English school. At least one of these, moreover, is due to the popular musician whose sixth dramatic work was received last night with such frequent marks of approval, and who in *The Desert Flower*, it may be said at once, has produced one of his most graceful and uniformly well-written operas. An original libretto for an English opera seems to be, now-a-days, a commodity rarely attainable. Either those to whom our musicians address themselves are incapable of inventing and working out an original idea, or find it easier—and, "time is money" being their maxim, more profitable in the bargain—to translate and recast some French play which may come to hand. Pieces like *Robin Hood*, founded on a popular story or national legend, are, nevertheless, one would think, infinitely preferable to translations, more or less faithful as the case may happen, of foreign operas already set to music by foreign composers, and especially translations from the improbable repertory of M. de Saint-Georges, ("the Gallic Fitzball") and his immediate disciples. On this point, however, there is no time to dilate just now. Enough that Messrs. Augustus Harris and T. J. Williams—to the former of whom we are indebted for the prose and to the latter for the poetry of *The Desert Flower*—have availed themselves in the present instance of a book from the joint pens of MM. Saint-Georges and Leuven, set to music by the late M. Fromental Halévy, "of the Institute," and brought out in the summer of 1855, under the name of *Jaguarita L'Indienne*, at the théâtre Lyrique in Paris. The part of the heroine, a semi-cultivated Indian savage—"Reine de la tribu des Anakotaws"—was originally represented by Mlle. Marie Cabel, so well remembered by Mr. Mitchell's old patrons at the St. James's Theatre, and for whom Mr. M. Halévy (composer, we need scarcely add, of *La Juive* and other operas) wrote music suited to the peculiar gifts and style of execution to which she was indebted for her quickly won renown. Reserving our account of the plot, we shall merely say here that Mr. Harris—upon whom devolved exclusively the task of adapting the French drama and laying out the "scenario"—has adhered pretty closely to the *Jaguarita* of Saint-Georges and Co., omitting one of the *dramatis personæ*, and changing the names of others, altering or modifying one or two of the main incidents, redistributing the musical situations, and, on the whole, we think, improving rather than impairing the original. The characters as they stand in *The Desert Flower* are Oanita, *vice* Jaguarita, the Indian Queen—(Miss Louisa Pyne); Eva, *vice* Heva (Miss Susan Pyne); Casgan, *vice* Mama-Jumbo, Oanita's faithful follower (Mr. Weiss); Hector Van Pumpernickle, *vice* Hector Van Trump, a boasting but cowardly Dutch major (Mr. Corri); Sergeant Petermann (Mr. A. Cooke); and Maurice, a retiring but valiant young officer, who falls in love with and wins the affections of Jaguarita (Mr. Harrison). In the part of Oanita Mr. Wallace has consulted the special attainments of Miss Louisa Pyne just as carefully as M. Halévy consulted those of Madame Cabel in his *Jaguarita*, and it must be admitted with less material sacrifice of abstract musical charm to the mere purposes of extravagant vocal display. But of the music, as of the book, we must take another opportunity of speaking in detail. *The Desert Flower* is put upon the stage with great splendor—the novelty of the costumes, the beauty of the scenery (by Mr. T. Grieve), and the characteristic vigor of the Indian dances, of which the ballet (admirably arranged) is chiefly made up, presenting something alike fresh and inviting to the jaded eye of habitual playgoers. Mr. Alfred Mellon, too, the conductor, had prepared one of those first performances for which he has rendered both himself and the theatre celebrated; and the principal singers using their utmost exertions, both Mr. Wallace and his many admirers had ample cause for satisfaction. The applause was frequent and hearty; three extremely engaging and attractive ballads—"When wandering through the forest drear" (Mr. Weiss), "Though born in woods,



rude nature's child" (Mr. Harrison), and "Why throbs this heart with rapture new?" (Miss Louisa Pyne)—were unanimously encored; and Mr. Wallace was loudly called for after the first and second acts. Indeed none of the accustomed demonstrations were wanted to justify us in chronicling the new opera as an entire success. When the curtain had fallen on the third and last acts it was raised again for the National Anthem, which was performed with unusual spirit by the entire company, Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne taking the solos." Is Mr. Baker Butcher satisfied?

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

TO ZAMIELS OWL, ESQ.

MY DEAR OWL,—Do you read a paper called *The Reader*—about which the Nonsensical Rhyme goes:—

"There was an old paper, *The Reader*,  
Of its fortunes a great self-impeder,  
It had lots of contributors,  
Type, composers, distributors,  
But itself was its one unique reader?"

Do you read *The Reader*? If no (or if yes, as the matter goes), do you ever hear play the inimitable Charles Hallé? If yes (or if no, as the matter goes), pray tell me the meaning of what follows:—

"The sonata on Monday night, as given by Mr. Hallé, must have been a delight to all who listened to it. It was noble playing of noble music. But the greatest artist will have deficiencies, idiosyncrasies, mannerisms, which are obvious enough to all candid listeners, and which no one, perhaps, is more conscious of than himself. A public taste fed upon the experience of one style, one method, one set of 'readings,' must become correspondingly narrow. An open arena, unlimited by nationality, with a cordial welcome to genuine talent wherever found, is best for the interests of art, and, in the long run, for those of artists too."

"R. B. L."

Of course you are not owl enough to refuse to admit (whether you have heard him or not) that Mr. Hallé, as a pianist, is *sui generis* unique—unique *sui generis*, if you please (take your choice). Now, I make bold to ask what are the "deficiencies, idiosyncrasies, mannerisms" of this pianist, unique *sui generis*, or *sui generis* unique (retake your choice), of whom *The Athenæum*, on Saturday, recording the very same performance, says:—

—"M. Hallé was the pianist, playing (in Beethoven's D minor sonata, Op. 31, and, later, in some of the Bagatelles), the best of his best; and that is now something like the best interpretation of the best pianoforte music to be found in Europe."

Now, either *The Reader* or *The Athenæum* must be wrong. It is hard to think thus much; but truth must have its weight. It depends upon you, my dear Owl, to decide which is wrong and which is right, or whether both are right (which is impossible), or both wrong (which is possible). Of course you were not at the Monday Popular Concert of November 2 (the 133rd concert). If I thought you had been present I would not ask your opinion, as you would most probably have been asleep during the entire performance. But, internally convinced of your valued absence, I solicit your opinion without hesitation. The sonata was that of Beethoven, in D minor, (which, as you will fail to remember—having never been aware of the fact), commences thus:—



and which (as you will equally fail to remember—for the same reason) has a *finale* on a theme built up in this fashion:—



Now I (*pauvre non-musicien*) confess to have remarked a sort of mystic vagueness in the execution of this movement by "le remarquable Hallé," who did not, to my mind, bite with sufficient sharpness each note of either-handed group of semiquavers; but even I, who wistfully gaze on the threshold of the temple musical, without daring to dream of penetrating to its recesses, was shocked to read what *The Reader* makes its readers read about the "unique *sui generis*," or "*sui generis* unique." I, therefore, appeal, my dear Owl, to you, as an impartial (because an absent, and if not because an absent, because a somnolent) witness (or rather hearer), for an explanation of what *The Reader* means to convey by the "deficiencies, mannerisms, and idiosyncrasies" which he insinuously attributes to great artists in general, and to Mr. Hallé, the "unique *sui generis*," in particular. Please also inform me (as a reliable authority) what *The Reader* means by "one set of readings," and (*par parenthèse*) to how many "sets of readings" he would have the sonatas of Beethoven submitted. I always thought there could only be one proper reading—viz., the reading of Beethoven himself, plain enough to the intelligence of any one capable of understanding Beethoven's music. But you, my dear Owl, may possibly hit upon some new light—on the look-out for which, I remain yours unequivocally,

DISHLEY PETERS.

*Hôtel des Hommes Rangés, Corbeau-de-Beaucorps.*

P. S.—You see I am in France again. I can't abide the Lord Mayor's Show. Who is "R. B. L."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—It is astonishing what little regard the Sacred Harmonic Society pays to public opinion: that is, to public opinion as expressed at the Provincial Festivals, at St. James's Hall, at St. Martin's Hall, and other halls, where modern oratorios have been produced. The triumphant successes achieved in turn by *Jerusalem*, *Immanuel*, *David*, *Judith*, *Israel Returned*, *Joash*, &c. &c., have passed by the directors as the idle winds which they respect not. If the composers had all been Englishmen, one might have imagined that the well-known indifference and apathy of the Society for our native musicians—when they write oratorios—might have been the cause. But who are the directors to jump at so sweeping a conclusion as that our composers have no genius for sacred writing? What, if they have tried and obtained no great results from the performance of a native oratorio or two, should they have been affrighted at a brace of failures, and place no confidence in their countrymen's talents? When such gross partiality, plain as the day, is shown to Handel and Mendelssohn, nay, even to Haydn and Rossini, I wonder, indeed, how the Society sustains itself, how the subscribers pay their money, and the general public take any interest in the performances. That the Sacred Harmonic Society should ignore the extraordinary reception awarded to some of the above-named oratorios not performed at Exeter Hall, is impertinent and absurd. When the Humane Society man at Edinburgh, though girdled by a life-preserver, refused to go into Duddingston Loch to save a man's life who had broken through the ice, on the plea that

the drowning man was not a member of the Skating Club, he was not a whit less inconsequential than the Sacred Harmonic Society, when it refuses to save a work from oblivion, because it has not been composed by one of their own choosing. It is no answer at all to assert that English musicians cannot write sacred works of the loftiest kind, and that the public would not accept them. Sir, the public have accepted them. They roared at St. Martin's Hall, threw somersaults in St. James's, and pirouetted at Norwich. What is the true measure of success? Does it not consist in outrageous applause the first night, polysyllabical eulogies in the press next morning, and shaking hands with the composer in the way of congratulation for several days? The Sacred Harmonic Society has been thrice unjust: unjust to itself, unjust to the world and unjust to English oratorio writers.

It was cruel of the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society—and, no doubt, was meant as a direct insult to the whole body of our great modern sacred composers—to begin the present season with Mr. Costa's *Eli*. Pray, sir, who is Mr. Costa? and what is *Eli*? Mr. Costa is very well in his place as conductor at the Royal Italian Opera and Exeter Hall; has written some of the most attractive ballet music known; and composed operas for Her Majesty's Theatre and elsewhere, some of which were successful. He is also an accomplished musician, and has had a great deal of experience in composition; but that is all. As for *Eli*—*Eli*, indeed, had an undeniable success at Birmingham, and, I must own, obtained a London success likewise. It is a melodious and artistic work, not over-exciting, but very agreeable and interesting, and is written for the voices with true Italian skill. Moreover, whoever has heard it once would willingly hear it again; but that is all. Now, sir, surely this is not sufficient merit in a work to warrant its being selected for the inauguration of a season by the greatest Amateur Society under the sun, moon, and stars? That is my opinion. Ask any one of our modern oratorio writers, they will tell you the same. They will insist that *Eli* is deficient in grandeur, loftiness, sublimity, breadth of style, largeness, and all those qualities which, in their opinion, alone betoken the true oratorio, which are not found in *The Creation*, nor the *Stabat Mater*, but which pervade the *Messiah*, *Israel*, *St. Paul*, and *Elijah*. Of course they keep a mental reservation in their own favor, and argue that, as their sacred works are entirely devoid of melody and grace, they are more properly to be classed with the compositions of Handel and Mendelssohn than Haydn and Rossini—a *non sequitur*, which I need hardly point out. For *Eli*, as depending so much for its attractiveness on its tune, its clear and natural harmonies and its absence of all pretence to the grand or sublime, they entertain a sovereign contempt. And, indeed, they differ vastly from Mr. Costa. They are, Sir, an inspired race. As an oratorio is the sublimest of all musical compositions, and, as has been demonstrated by the rare number of successes, the most difficult to accomplish, it might be inferred *a priori* that those of our musicians who had attempted it were such as had profound knowledge and learning; who had experimented in every branch of the art and won renown in all; and who had prepared themselves, by a severe course of study and contemplation, to approach the mighty undertaking. No such thing, Sir. Not one single composer of the oratorios above named has gained reputation as a musician, in any way. Some have been bespattered with praises by zealous and blinded friends; some have obtained consideration from being placed in a special position; and some, being entirely unknown, have attracted attention from the audacity of their attempt; but not one has achieved a name as a

musician. Wanting, therefore, art and learning, our composers of modern oratorios must have been inspired to their task. They did not feel their genius moved to simple accomplishment. Ballads, part songs, choruses, cantatas, operettas and operas, had been tried and tried in vain. They could not cut images out of paper—they must even hew statues out of Mount Athos. The aspiration was noble—the endeavour worthy of success. It is a pity, however, that, in every instance, the failure was lamentable. This, Sir, is a cud for the writers of future oratorios to chew upon.

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

#### THE PYNE & HARRISON "ENTERTAINMENT."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I have just visited Covent Garden Theatre, and it occurred to me on my way home that the above would be a more correct title for the Pyne and Harrison scheme than that of the "Royal English Opera." It is essentially an "entertainment," for is not every piece written for the simple purpose of exhibiting Miss Pyne's abilities, and of concealing Mr. Harrison's deficiencies?—and in this respect alone does it not exactly resemble the most popular "entertainments" of the day, in which the gentleman is employed as a shadow to heighten the brilliancy of the lady? The addition of an orchestra and supernumeraries does not alter its character, but merely enables the "entertainers" to give their performance in a theatre in *lieu* of a concert room.

Messrs. Balfe and Wallace having proved themselves to be the most successful outfitters for the managers are now exclusively employed in dressing them. Of the two, Mr. Balfe seems to be the more fortunate. No one can write so good a song for a voiceless singer, nor so well produce that agreeable noise which passes for music with the pit and gallery. Mr. Balfe accepts and appreciates his position as the Pyne and Harrison tailor, and he is only too happy, as long as he is well paid, to provide a well-fitting suit of a popular material.

Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, is not so simple-minded. He seems desirous of obtaining the profitable employment of his patrons, and at the same time of exhibiting himself to the public in the light of a musician. He takes the wooden libretto with its stereotyped situations and characters, and attempts to write a work of art. This is a great mistake on the part of Mr. Wallace, and is besides an injustice to his masters. He should agree with himself whether he will be the "tailor" or the "artist." That he is capable of attaining the last position, I believe; but that he is employed in the former capacity, the libretto of the *Desert Flower* proves beyond a doubt. It is because he has thus abused his masters' confidence that his last opera has not been so successful as others from his pen. The failure of any one opera or "entertainment" is, however, of little importance to Miss Pyne or Mr. Harrison. New works are provided by the rich publishers at very little cost to the management. Mr. Wallace's opera is, I understand, to be followed by Mr. Balfe's *Blanche de Nevers*. This, if unsuccessful, will be withdrawn in favor of Mr. Wallace's *Rose of Loch Lomond*, which, again, if unfortunate, will be followed by Mr. Balfe's *Fanchonette*. I do not know the names of the other operas by these gentlemen, but let us hope that both composers may be spared good health and spirits for a long period, to keep alive the Pyne and Harrison "entertainment." Your obedient servant,

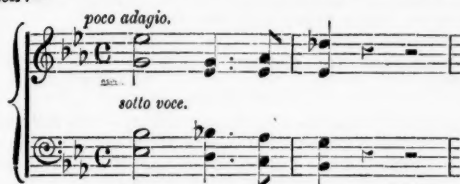
NICHOLAS LANE,

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 133rd concert (the second of the sixth season) took place on Monday night. The following was the programme:—

PART I.			
Quartet, in E flat, No. 10—for two violins, viola and violoncello	Beethoven		
Song, "Rage, thou angry storm" ... ..	Benedict		
Song, "The soldier tired" ... ..	Arne		
Sonata, in A minor—for pianoforte solo ... ..	Mozart		
PART II.			
Presto Scherzando—for pianoforte solo ... ..	Mendelssohn		
Air des Bijoux ( <i>Faust</i> ) ... ..	Gounod		
Capriccio, "Le Trille du Diable"—for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment ... ..	Tartini		
Song, "Mein" ... ..	Curschmann		
Quartet, in D minor, No. 22—for two violins, viola and violoncello	Spohr		
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.			

The Tenth Quartet of Beethoven, beginning with a short introduction:—



—"has been classed by some writers" (says the programme) in the second style of Beethoven; but should more properly, we think, be placed in the third, and this notwithstanding the fact that it appeared *after* the Pianoforte Concerto in E flat." The Germans have nicknamed the Tenth Quartet the "*Harfen-Quartet*," on account of the *pizzicato* passages in the opening *allegro*. It is one of its author's profoundest compositions, one of the most difficult to execute, and at the same time one of those which, to be thoroughly appreciated, most imperatively demand the strict attention of the audience. It was extremely well played by MM. Lotto, L. Ries, H. Webb and Paque (the last named taking the violoncello in the unexpected absence of Signor Piatti). The *allegro*—which a few bars will recall:—



was, perhaps, the least entirely satisfactory of the four movements; although true expression was imparted by M. Lotto to the impassioned second subject—commencing so boldly on the third inversion of the dominant seventh of the key of the dominant (B flat):—



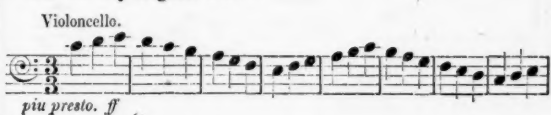
—and to many other striking passages. The eloquent *adagio*:—



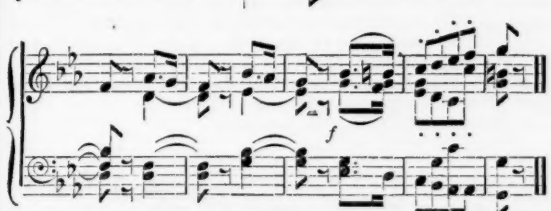
was most eloquently played. The fantastic *scherzo*:—



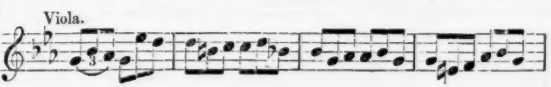
—with its very singular *trio*:—



—was dashed off with vigor and spirit; while the *finale*—built upon this beautiful melody:—



—offered few points for criticism. Mr. H. Webb was especially happy in the second variation (so much admired by Herr Ernst, who played this quartet as no one has played it since):—



(The above must, of course, be read an octave lower). The whole performance pleased the audience and deserved the applause it obtained.

Mozart's pianoforte sonata, in A minor:—







—one of the most perfect extant—not being mentioned in the Thematic Catalogue drawn up by the illustrious musician himself, and including everything he produced from Feb. 9, 1784, to Nov. 15, 1791 (the year of his death), must have been written at an earlier period. "The greater, then, must be the admiration of all who are capable of appreciating what is as symmetrically beautiful in form as it is rich in invention. The first movement is a masterpiece; the *andante* (in F) a rich mine of graceful melody; and the *finale* :—



as original as it is beautiful.

"The Sonata in A minor" (remarks the editor of the Monday Popular Concert's programme) "generally ranks among the best of Mozart's compositions for pianoforte solo, and is decidedly one of those which exercised an influence upon Beethoven." The editor of the programme is right, although for "generally" he might with better reason have said universally. Mr. Charles Hallé was the pianist—in spite of the musical critic of *The Reader*, who says, "With all possible respect for the admirable playing of Mr. Hallé and Miss Goddard, we must protest against the notion that there are only two persons in all England who can handle the key-board of the piano." Perhaps the musical critic of *The Reader*—bearing in mind that Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Herr Pauer have both played at the Monday Popular Concerts, that Madame Arabella Goddard, considering she has some talent (perhaps as much as either of those gentlemen, to say nothing of Mr. Hallé), plays very seldom, and that Professor Sterndale Bennett will not play in public at all, for reasons best known to himself and *The Athenæum*—will favor Mr. Arthur Chappell with a name or two.

In Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* :—



Mr. Hallé was less artistically successful than in the sonata. His reading of the Mendelssohnian *Scherzi* is somewhat forced, and his execution labored.

Tartini's Sonata, called *Le Trille du Diable*, was a really wonderful performance on the part of M. Lotto, who, being enthusiastically called back to the platform, played a very remarkable *étude* of his own composition (in G major), which created a great effect. Nevertheless, it may be doubtful whether M. Lotto was entitled to

take such a liberty with Tartini. The brilliant quartet of Spohr, with which the concert terminated :—



was capitally played. M. Lotto is quite at home in this music.

The singers were Mdle. Parepa and a Mr. D'Alquen—of the gentleman (a bass) we have nothing to say at present. Mdle. Parepa (flushed with her triumphs in *Vaterland*) sang brilliantly, and was called back after Arne's antiquated *bravura*.

At the next concert we are to hear M. Lotto in a quartet by Mendelssohn, and the *Kreutzer Sonata* of Beethoven (with M. Hallé). GROKER ROORES.

NOTTINGHAM (From our own Correspondent).—The fifth season of the Subscription Concerts of Classical Music commenced in this town on Friday last, the 6th of November. We are glad to see these concerts resumed again, after their suspension for one season, and we sincerely hope that the people of Nottingham will appreciate the effort that their professional townsmen are making, to bring these great works of the well-known masters before them. The price of subscription is fixed so low that the aim of the performers can scarcely be pecuniary profit; but, on the contrary, we apprehend that the principal aim is to bring within reach some of those great works which, in the provinces at least, have hitherto been sealed books to the majority of amateurs. The programme for Friday—selected entirely from the works of Mendelssohn—was, the Quartet in E flat, for strings; the Trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (No. 1); and the String Quintet in B flat (No. 2, op. 87). The executants were the same who have taken so active a part in previous seasons—1st violin, Mr. H. Farmer; 2nd violin, Mr. Kirkby; 1st viola, Mr. Myers; 2nd viola, Mr. Allsop; violoncello, Mr. T. L. Selby; and pianoforte, Mr. W. Sheldermine. We hope to find the subscription list quite filled up before the first Friday in December, upon which evening the second concert of the season will take place.

Signor Marchesi is in Paris, but returns on Monday to fulfil his engagement at the Crystal Palace, Manchester, &c.

WHITTINGTON HALL.—An excellent performance of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* took place at the above hall on Thursday week (November 5th), under the direction of Mr. Gilbert. The reciters were Mr. Adolphus Francis and Miss Clarisse St. Pierre, the pianists Mr. Albert Lowe and Miss Waugh, who performed the duet accompaniment (no easy task) capitally, the solos being much applauded.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE.—A correspondent of the *Chatham News*, writing about this talented young pianist's performance at Mr. Norman's concert last week, says, "It was our pleasure to listen to the extraordinary performance of Master Willie Pape upon the pianoforte (a splendid grand piano by Kirkman). This young gentleman needs not any qualified eulogium—no meed of praise for budding, undeveloped excellence—he takes rank already as a master of his instrument; his strength and delicacy of touch are marvellous. He exhibited a surprising flexibility of finger in Thalberg's *Noise*, and great feeling in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26, which he played to perfection. The appreciation of the audience, who listened with breathless attention during the interpretation of the latter, was a credit to the musical taste of the town, and proves that music of the highest class, when properly rendered, cannot fail to be appreciated."

ORGANISTS OF DONCASTER CHURCH.—1739, Mr. William Tireman, of York, with a salary of £20, paid by the Corporation; 1741, Mr. John Maddock, with a like salary, to which, in 1744, £10 was added; 1755, Mr. John Camidge, York, £30; 1756, Mr. Edward Miller, Mus. Doc., with £30 a year; October, 1807, Mr. Isaac Brailsford, of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, with 50 guineas a year; 23rd of April, 1835, St. George's Day, Mr. Jeremiah Rogers, who won the appointment in a public competition of skill against a number of talented organists, Dr. Camidge being the umpire. The salary was sixty guineas a year, with a pew in the church; the latter accommodation being, of course, lost by the fire.

## THE DONCASTER ORGAN.

Some time since an account of the opening of the Doncaster Organ appeared in the *Musical World*, from the pen of an occasional correspondent. It was short, and scarcely more than very general in its statements; but it sufficed for the time as a record of the event. There is, however, so much that is curious and interesting about the story of the grand instrument recently erected in the Doncaster Church, as well as so much extraordinary merit and peculiarity in the work itself, that it would be a grave injustice to all parties concerned not to give their exertions the attention they so eminently deserve. No doubt this *amende* has long been expected at our hands; but, though late, we believe it will be scarcely less welcome to the large class of our readers who are interested in such matters.

Though it be not always advisable to begin—as does Knickerbocker in his “History of New York”—with the creation of the world, we think it necessary to take our readers, by way of commencement, as far back as the year 1738. It appears, indeed, that one hundred and seventy years before this time, or in the year 1567, an organ existed in Doncaster Church; but as the parish records show that the moderate sum of 13s. 4d. only was paid for this instrument, and as no other account of it remains, we may be, perhaps, excused for saying no more about it. In 1738, however, John Harris, one of the greatest organ-builders of his time, was employed to build a new organ for the Doncaster Church, at the price of £525. This instrument was of magnitude and importance for its day. It was constructed throughout with all the scrupulous care and fidelity which marked Harris's work; the metal of its pipes was of first-rate quality, its voicing had all the lightness and ringing effect then in fashion, and when we heard it, just before the great renovation of 1835, it remained an admirable specimen of its builder's skill. We subjoin a list of its contents:—

## GREAT ORGAN

- 1 Open Diapason, of metal (front)
- 2 Open Diapason (back)
- 3 Stopped Diapason
- 4 Principal, of metal
- 5 Twelfth, ditto
- 6 Fifteenth, ditto
- 7 Tierce, ditto
- 8 Sesquialtra, of five ranks
- 9 Cornet of five ranks mounted (middle C to D)
- 10 Trumpet (front)
- 11 Trumpet (back)
- 12 Clarion

## CHOIR ORGAN

- 1 Stopped Diapason
- 2 Flute
- 3 Fifteenth
- 4 Bassoon
- 5 Vox humana

## ECHO, OR SWELL ORGAN

- 1 Open Diapason
- 2 Stopped Diapason
- 3 Principal
- 4 Cornet, of three ranks
- 5 Trumpet
- 6 Hautboy

After several small alterations, the great work of reconstruction commenced, as we have already said, in 1835. To this we wish to direct particular attention, not only as showing that thirty years ago there were very broad notions (in a few quarters at least) of what a grand organ should be in a large church, but also as a just tribute to the merits of Mr. Jeremiah Rogers, the organist, to whose extraordinary enthusiasm and personal sacrifice the plan and its completion were chiefly due. From a pamphlet, by Mr. Wilkinson Shepherdson, of Sheffield, describing the *new*, or Schulze's organ, we quote the following account of the reconstruction in question:—

“In 1758 the celebrated builder Snetzler repaired and tuned the organ, but no alteration was made in its register until 1802, when Mr. Donaldson, of York, under the direction of Dr. Miller, the organist at that time, substituted a dulciana for the fifteenth in the choir organ, and extended the compass of the swell organ from middle C, down to fiddle G. This little alteration it is recorded was well done, but the work was not equal to Harris's original. In 1822, Mr. Buckingham, of London, removed the organ to a place originally intended for it in the West Gallery, and at the same time added to its mechanism an octave of toe pedals to draw down the keys. In this state the instrument remained until 1835, when Mr. Rogers, the present organist, was appointed to the situation, and from that time Doncaster may date its enviable associations and renown as possessing a splendid organ, and a talented, enthusiastic, and devoted professor, who has spared neither his own time nor his pecuniary means to secure an efficient instrument. Having a small but superior organ upon which to found a much more comprehensive work, Mr. Rogers in 1835 carried out his first alterations, entrusting the work to Mr. Ward, of York, who had been recommended by Dr. Camidge. Mr. Ward fixed a large pair of new horizontal bellows on a new principle, three new sets of keys of an extended compass, and nineteen German pedals; couplers were also introduced. A new nave organ was also added consisting of one open metal diapason from FFF up to F in alt; one open wood diapason, large scale; clarabella; a bass to the old dulciana; harmonica; metal principal on a large

scale; four ranked mixture and cymbal; also a pedal Organ of two stops; a large scale unison, open down to FFF, and a Bourdon, on separate sound boards. The cost of these alterations, 275 guineas, was defrayed by voluntary subscriptions. The organ remained as Mr. Ward left it until 1841, although the work was not satisfactorily done, but in that year Mr. Rogers engaged Mr. Brown, a builder who settled in York after the erection of the Cathedral Organ by Messrs. Hill, of London, with whom he had been engaged. Mr. Brown was a first-class workman, and was employed under Mr. Rogers' direction from 1841 to 1846. He removed nearly all the addition made by Mr. Ward, and replaced it by new work, increasing the power and resources of the instrument until it became one of the finest in Europe. The cost of the additional work was £1000, and nearly the whole of it fell upon Mr. Rogers himself.

“In 1852 arrangements were made to fill the great west window with stained glass, and the Organ was removed to the North Chapel of the Chancel, where the grand tones of the instrument could be heard to greater advantage. Mr. Brown having in the meantime died, Messrs Hill and Sons, of London, were entrusted with the removal of the Organ, and at same time were instructed to carry the pedal organ down to CCCC. The removal had just been effected, and the pedal work was on the point of completion when the fire occurred which in a few short hours swept away every vestige of the noble instrument; a calamity which, however much the inhabitants generally might regret, must have been to Mr. Rogers a severe and painful ordeal. To give the reader an idea of the magnitude of the Organ, and to enable him estimate the value of the work destroyed, we give the list of its stops.”

## GREAT ORGAN

- Compass from GG to F, long octaves
- 1 Double open Diapason (wood) of 16 feet (bass)
- 2 Double open Diapason of 16 feet (treble)
- 3 Double stopped Diapason of 16 ft.
- 4 Open Diapason (front)
- 5 Open Diapason (back)
- 6 Stopped Diapason
- 7 Principal (front)
- 8 Principal (back)
- 9 Twelfth
- 10 Fifteenth
- 11 Tierce
- 12 Sesquialtra of 5 ranks
- 13 Mixture of 6 ranks
- 14 Furniture of 2 ranks
- 15 Mixture of 2 ranks
- 16 Bombarde of 16 feet
- 17 Trumpet (front)
- 18 Trumpet (back)
- 19 Clarion
- 20 Cornet (mounted) middle C to F

## CHOIR ORGAN

- Compass, GG to F, long octaves
- 1 Stopped Diapason
- 2 Dulciana
- 3 Open Diapason
- 4 Principal
- 5 Flute
- 6 Cremona
- 7 Bassoon

## SWELL ORGAN

- 1 Double stopped Diapason, of 16 feet to C (wood)
- 2 Open Diapason, ditto (metal)
- 3 Stopped Diapason, throughout (metal)
- 4 Principal, ditto
- 5 Flute, ditto
- 6 Twelfth, ditto

- 7 Fifteenth, Diapason
- 8 Sesquialtra, 3 ranks, ditto
- 9 Mixture, 3 ranks, ditto
- 10 Double Trumpet of 16 feet, to gamut G
- 11 French Horn, throughout
- 12 Cornopean, ditto
- 13 Trumpet, ditto
- 14 Hautboy, ditto
- 15 Clarion, ditto
- 16 Vox Humana, ditto
- 17 Tremulant

## PEDAL ORGAN

- Compass from CCC to E, two octaves and a third
- 1 Principal, CCCC of 32 feet, diameter 18 by 21 inches
- 2 Principal of CCC, of 16 feet
- 3 Bourdon of 16 feet
- 4 Principal of 8 feet
- 5 Fifteenth of 4 feet
- 6 Bombarde of 16 feet
- 7 Trombone of 8 feet

## COPULAS

- 1 Pedals to Great Organ
- 2 Pedals to Choir Organ
- 3 Pedals to Swell Organ
- 4 Octave Pedals to Great Organ
- 5 Swell to Great Organ
- 6 Swell to Choir Organ
- 7 Back Great Organ to Choir Organ
- 8 Copula to connect Front and Back Organs

## TOTAL NUMBER OF STOPS, ETC.

	Stops	Pipes
Great Organ .....	20	1776
Choir Organ .....	7	406
Swell Organ .....	17	1073
Pedal Organ .....	7	203
Copulas .....	8	—
	59	3458

Here, indeed, was an extraordinary stride onwards. The organ which Mr. Rogers found in the church in 1835 was, however good of its kind, of no unusual description. In size and general capability, and often in excellence, it was equalled by some score of others that, since the date of its erection, had been “sown broadcast over the land,” by its own builder, by Smith, and Snetzler, and Byfield, and even by England. The organ, as completed in 1846, was a very different affair. It was exceeded in size by only two instruments in this country—those of York and Birmingham. To be sure, some other monstrous instruments existed at this time in England—on paper at least. In a work on the organ still publicly sold there are, among many apocryphal statements, full descriptions of enormous organs at the Edinburgh Music Halls and at Surrey Chapel, and lastly, of the “Great Metropolitan Organ,” Christchurch, Newgate Street; but as the first two were never even intended to be built, and the third has not to this day attained even the half of its described size, they may be all safely left out of the reckoning. York and Birmingham undoubtedly possessed the largest organs in the country. In both these instances, however, the frightful ignorance displayed in the designs prevailed over all the skill of the builders to produce only unmitigated failure.

The York tone was probably the most heterogenous mass of mere noise ever listened to; while that of Birmingham was poor and characterless to a degree that would scarcely be credited by any but those who remember to have heard it. Still these were both large organs; and as there was then extremely little of disciplined taste in such things (by the way, there is none to spare now) they passed for marvels in their day.\* But the size of the Doncaster organ was by no means its only recommendation. Its reconstruction was undertaken on a clear and intelligible plan; and—short of making an absolutely new instrument—everything that was done went straight to the end of converting an old and weak organ into a modern and vigorous one. Although the new work was not so entirely well finished as it would probably be now, the effect on the whole was exceedingly fine and satisfactory. We have a vivid remembrance of the mass of tone poured out from the Great Organ especially—striking the ear at once with such a broad voluminous grandeur as left no escape out of the conviction that the Doncaster Church had by far the noblest instrument in this country.

To accomplish all this, must have cost Mr. Rogers a vast amount of trouble, a large expenditure of time and talent, and no inconsiderable sum of money. Hardest task of all, he had, perhaps, to fight lustily against the superstitions of his townsmen. There were people in plenty—and now are not few—in whose sight an organ by Harris, or Smith, or Snetzler, is a kind of divine treasure, the sanctity of which must at no price be invaded. To “take from, or add thereto,” even so much as a single pipe, is a sin not to be commonly expiated. All this kind of feeling had, no doubt, to be encountered at Doncaster, and ought to have been grievously offended, since the glories of Harris were effectually, and worthily, eclipsed by the “greater thunder” of the new work which enveloped them.

But it was not in the nature of things that the enthusiastic and untiring organist should long remain satisfied with what he had already accomplished. He was a great traveller and hunter after novelties belonging to his calling. His organ-mania had, at various times, led him into most corners of Europe where grand and choice instruments were to be found; and, what between the rival fascinations of France and Germany, he had, of course, brought home with him a goodly store of intentions to be carried out when time favoured. Thus, it appears, he was employed on some improvements to his organ, by the aid of Messrs. Hill, in 1852, when the memorable fire occurred, which, destroying both organ and church, naturally settled all question of further alteration by leaving nothing possible save a new instrument.

(To be concluded next week.)

### THEATRES.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Again a long farce of the Palais Royal school, and on this occasion the practical fun is kept alive by the exuberant spirit of Mr. Charles Mathews, who seems to have acquired a new stock of youth during his visit to Paris. His character is that of a busybody, who entangles all that he touches, and his victim, played by Mr. Compton, is a paterfamilias, whose affairs are not, indeed, in a perfectly smooth condition, but who requires all the officiousness of his friend Bagshot (Mathews) to launch into the sea of troubles on which he is subsequently tossed. Tiphthorpe—such is his name—has almost involved himself in a disreputable intrigue with an unknown lady; his wife seems adverse to the marriage of his daughter with a lispng young exquisite; a pianoforte tuner, secretly married to the housemaid, intrudes upon the premises at unreasonable hours. All these difficulties would be easily overcome did not Tiphthorpe, in an unfortunate spirit of confidence, intrust their solution to the vigilance of Bagshot. That great man has a singular talent for turning the simplest knot into a vast web of confusion, and Tiphthorpe soon finds that through his friend's excessive zeal he is nearly engaged in a duel with the sweet-heart of the “pretty horsebreaker,” and is compelled to believe that his wife has herself fallen in love with the young exquisite, while his daughter has so far forgotten all propriety as to improperly increase the population. All this is a mistake and mystification, and is satisfactorily cleared up at the end; but by the unanimous vote of the *dramatis personae* Bagshot is declared a dangerous counsellor, while he, satisfied that his suspicions have been well founded, continues to smile at the credulity of his friends. They may compare him to a *Bull in a China Shop*, and this gives a title to the piece, but he has his own reward in the

\* We need scarcely remind our readers that both these instruments have been modernized and greatly improved by their original builders—Birmingham some years since, and York quite recently.

consciousness of his superior wisdom. As this piece consists of equivoques, generally of the same kind, one act would have sufficed as well as two for its complete development. But tediousness is scarcely possible where a Mathews employs all his vivacity to resist it, and the roar continues till the fall of the curtain.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—Cockney sportsmen have many years been objects of derision to the satirists of social foibles, and probably England will never see the day when the death of a pig or a turkey by a misdirected fowling-piece will cease to be regarded as a cause of merriment. But the cockney sportsman of the present day has gained some new attributes through our comparatively recent familiarity with the Highlands of Scotland, and the substitution of the kilt for the pantaloons places him in a ridiculous position with which our fathers were unacquainted. Messrs. W. Brough and A. Halliday, whose mission it is to catch up passing humors and mould them into funny farces, place on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre a couple of Cockney tradesmen, who, proceeding to the Highlands, don the Celtic costume, and commit every absurdity of which this novel situation is susceptible. Hospitably received by a retired tobacconist, named John O'Groat, who is no more a Scot than themselves, but has succeeded in acclimatizing himself to the land of the mountain and the flood, they fall in the performance of every Highland duty, but they are dreadfully successful in getting drunk with mountain dew. Mr. G. Belmore, as the chief of the two cockneys, is overflowing with extravagant fun, making one of those wildly ridiculous figures that once seemed the sole property of the late Mr. Wright, and he is closely followed by Mr. G. Weston, who represents his companion. John O'Groat is played with patriarchal joviality by Mr. J. Nevill. The piece, which is called *My Hearts in the Highlands*, is more than a success, it is a roar.

*Manfred* still continues to attract full houses.

Miss Maria Harris, daughter of the former manager of the Princess's Theatre, has had a new opportunity of distinguishing herself in a slight drama adapted from the French by Mr. T. J. Williams, and entitled *Little Daisy*. She represents the daughter of a woodcutter, supposed to inhabit the New Forest at a time when the soldiers of Cromwell are in search of Henrietta, the young daughter of Charles I. By her fascinating arts she delays the pursuit of her lover (Mr. Howe), a sergeant in the Protector's service, and putting on a royal mantle, and thus feigning to be herself the Princess, she enables the latter to escape. A pleasant problem is thus given to the young artist, and pleasantly it is solved.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—The complimentary benefit given to Mr. J. Clarke at this house is one instance among many of the readiness with which the members of the theatrical profession, without regard to the particular place where they have exercised their vocation, congregate together for the assistance of a brother in distress. For some time after the reform of the Strand Theatre by Miss Swanborough the principal comic actors of that establishment were Mr. J. Rogers and Mr. J. Clarke. Many were the farces and burlesques that were chiefly supported by the interchange of pleasantries which habitually took place between these two humorous artists, and by a singular coincidence, almost at the same time that a premature death brought the professional career of Mr. J. Rogers to a sudden close, Mr. J. Clarke was disabled by a fall from his horse. When after a retirement of several months Mr. J. Clarke felt himself in a condition at least to show himself, some of the leading members of the profession resolved to give him a benefit, and their benevolent purpose was carried out on Saturday, when Mr. J. Clarke, still exhibiting signs of his misfortune, reappeared as Cousin Joe in the *Rough Diamond*, assisted by Miss M. Oliver, also one of the leaders of the Strand in the earlier days of the Swanborough management. A fraction of the burlesque of *Ivanhoe* was introduced as a reminiscence of the theatre where he had so often excited a roar; *Masks and Faces* served to display the talent as well as the benevolence of Mr. B. Webster and Mrs. Stirling; the accomplished Miss Herbert acted in *Dearest Mamma*, and the lively Miss C. Leclercq went through her well-known transformation in the farce *Thrice Married*. The inimitable “prestidigitateur,” M. Herrmann, who still occupies the Princess's, varied the entertainments with a few of his wonderful illusions, and the misfortunes of “Mrs. Brown at the Play” once more occurred, thanks to the descriptive powers of Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—In our notice of Mr. Fechter's grand drama *Bel Demonio* we remarked that the plot was essentially the same as that of *Sixtus V.*, produced about 12 years since at the Olympic Theatre. We are now requested to state that the earlier adaptation was the joint work of Messrs. Boucicault and Bridgeman. It has, we believe, been acted in America, with the odd title, *The Pope of Rome*.—*Times*, Nov. 10.



**AMERICAN PANORAMA.**—The room in St. James's Hall formerly tenanted by the Christy's Minstrels is now devoted to an "Historical Panorama of the Civil War in America," in which the course of those remarkable events that have astonished the world during the last three years is closely followed. In the battle-pieces, which are necessarily numerous, a great deal of character and much skill in composition is displayed, and though there are many details that will not bear criticism, it may be surmised that the artist, in order to produce his general effects, has studied pretty sedulously in the school of Vernet. Far inferior to the battle-pieces are the landscapes, and again inferior to these are certain humorous pictures of life, which might be judiciously omitted altogether. However, while as a work of art the "Historical Panorama" will not stand a comparison with the creations of a Telbin, it will bear an interest of its own as a pictorial illustration of the sanguinary contest about which everybody talks and reads, but which has by no means been a hackneyed subject for the pencil of the artist.

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